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The Formation of the Pastoral Union

The Rev. E. Jerome Johanson, formerly the Riley Professor of Systematic Theology in the Hartford Theological Seminary, is presently the pastor of the Avon Congregational Church, Avon, Conn. This paper is the Moderator's Address given at the Annual Meeting of the Pastoral Union, May 19, 1958.

One hundred twenty five years ago the Pastoral Union of Connecticut was formed. It seems fitting at this meeting of the Pastoral Union that we remind ourselves of the early history of this ancient and honorable organization. The Reverend Mr. G. Homer Lane, when he was our Moderator some years ago, prepared and read an excellent history of the Union. That history should have been published, but it never was. I have besought him to dig it out, but he has a great deal of sales resistance. Many of us, who are now members of the Pastoral Union did not hear that address, and those of us who did hear it may have forgotten more of it than we like to confess. It has, therefore, seemed wise to review that early history at this one hundred twenty-fifth anniversary.

All of us realize that there is an intimate connection between the Pastoral Union and the Hartford Theological Seminary. That connection goes right back to the beginning. The Pastoral Union and the Seminary were both formed by the same group of men at the same two day meeting on September 10 and 11th, 1833. That meeting was held at what is now South Windsor, Conn. This organizing meeting was the outgrowth of an earlier meeting of the more conservative minded Congregational ministers, held in Hartford on January 9th that same year. They had decided that it was expedient, as Professor Curtis Manning Geer, has put it, ". . . to form a Pastoral Union for this state, to promote ministerial intercourse and pastoral labors, and especially to promote genuine revivals of religion."¹ They decided to draw up a statement of faith, a constitution, and to call for a meeting of all ministers in Connecticut who were willing to subscribe to the articles of agreement.

There were at least four motivations that led to the formation of the Pastoral Union and the establishment of the Seminary.

I

They were, first of all, a sincere desire to preserve the Christian faith in its purity. To be sure, those ministers held a conservative Calvinistic interpretation of the Christian faith. I doubt if many of

us, who are members of the Pastoral Union now, even if we have been deeply influenced by neo-orthodoxy, could honestly express our faith in their language. I certainly could not do it; but perhaps it is well that this confession is made at the end of my term as Moderator. Those Connecticut ministers of the 1830's, if they could have read Emil Brunner or Reinhold Niebuhr, would certainly have consigned them to the lowest levels of the lower regions. Practically every minister in Connecticut in the 1830's, even the most liberal ones, held a literalistic interpretation of the Bible. Their thinking was carried on within the confines of a rigid Calvinism.

There was, however, one more liberal minded man against whom their criticisms were directed; namely, Professor Nathaniel W. Taylor of Yale Divinity School. The Divinity School was then eleven years of age—a teen ager. In an address in the Yale chapel on September 28, 1828, Professor Taylor had expressed the view that all sin is voluntary. "No human being," he said, "can become sinful or depraved but by his own act."² The conservative ministers feared that this view might lead to a new form of Pelagianism. President Humphrey of Amherst College at that time expressed that fear in these words, "... the gentlemen at New Haven are building their system on philosophy more than on the Bible; . . . their philosophy is Arminian and of course could never support a Calvinistic creed. The tendency of the scheme I solemnly believe is to bring in a flood of . . . Pelagianism upon the churches. Where the tendency will stop I do not know. If not arrested I fear it may end in fundamental error."³ But it is good to note this: the conservative group never accused the liberal group of heresy. What they feared was that the New Haven group, in yielding to the influence of current philosophy, was taking a turn that might lead to outright heresy. They were raising a warning flag that the road ahead was dangerous. Were they wiser than they knew? Is it possible that had their warning been taken seriously, modern theology might have avoided at least one serious pitfall? This is, you will recognize at once, the precise point that provoked the modern neo-orthodox reaction to liberal theology. Kierkegaard, Barth and Brunner's first attack was upon the nonchalant way modern theology had identified itself with optimistic rationalism and uncritical psychologism. Liberal theology, as John Bennett has recently pointed out, subordinated Christian revelation "... to contemporary religious experience."⁴ It had also accepted at face value, without critical evaluation from the point of view of genuine Christian faith, modern western culture. But we ought not

to be too harsh with the New Haven liberals nor praise unduly the Hartford conservatives. Although Friederich Schleiermacher's work was finished by that time, and he, be it remembered is often called the father of liberal theology, his influence had not yet reached these New England shores. Biblical criticism had not yet been developed. Modern science was still in its infancy. The Talor-Tyler controversy was a relatively minor family squabble within orthodox Calvinism. The quarrel between Barth and Brunner is another similar family argument. Wherever there is healthy religious life, controversy is likely to appear. "When men are thinking seriously upon religious and theological problems" according to Professor Geer, "there is apt to be discussion."⁵ What we can be grateful for is that the discussion was carried on with restraint, without any reckless charges of heresy, and in good spirit. Discussion, argument, and encounter often clear the way for progress and greater harmony. Some time ago, a car driven by a young woman on her way to church in New London, Connecticut, hit another car driven by a young man. The drivers were total strangers. There was some discussion, if not argument, as to who was to blame. Through this encounter, they became acquainted. Some months later they were married in that same church.⁶ The Taylor-Tyler encounter produced no wedding. But Hartford Theological Seminary and Yale Divinity School carry on their common work with mutual respect and friendliness. Paul Schubert can go to Yale, and George Riggan and Chalmers Coe can come to Hartford without having either institution collapse. Roland Bainton can give a critical lecture on Thomas Hooker at Center Church in Hartford without stirring up ill will.⁷ We can be thankful that all of us are now free to maintain the Christian faith according to our own light and conscience. The men who organized the Pastoral Union and the Seminary were concerned to defend essential Christian truth. But they did it without bitterness, or hurling charges of heresy. The theology of the members of the Union has changed through the ensuing years. They have maintained the tolerant spirit throughout. They have seen to it that the Seminary has not championed what Professor Waldo Selden Pratt has called "... particular views in a controversial spirit."⁸ We do well, conservatives and liberals alike, to emulate the attitude of these men who founded this Pastoral Union.

II

Those men were motivated, in the second place, by a desire to maintain a close tie between the churches and the training of their

ministers. The Divinity School at New Haven was under the control of the Yale Corporation. That board was then made up of eighteen members, eight of whom were ex officio members, including the Governor and Lt. Governor of Connecticut, and six state senators. They were public officials chosen by the people at large. They might be men who were opposed to the Christian religion, and yet they would have the right to vote for the election and removal of professors, and in the regulation of the affairs of the Divinity School. This is a very old, and also very modern problem. It is also an extremely difficult one. This is the problem of a state church in a secular society. I shall never forget reading, when I was a student at Oxford, (1927-1929), the complaints of the leaders of the Church of England on the refusal of Parliament to permit certain needed changes in the English prayer book. Hindu, Mohammedan, Roman Catholic and atheistic members of Parliament all had their say about the Prayer Book of the Church of England. Harvard University is right now embroiled in an internal controversy as to whether or not it can continue to recognize its Christian parentage.⁹ We all know and regret what happened when the University administration turned its back on Harvard Divinity School. Yale Divinity School has been fortunate. The University administration has remained persistently friendly toward its theological school. Hartford has never had to wrestle with this particular problem. It has had plenty of other problems, to be sure, but not this one. The Pastoral Union, through its annual election of trustees, has maintained a close tie between the Seminary and the churches. Professor Pratt, in an historical address at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Seminary rightly said, "It is the creation of the Churches and its object is to serve the Churches."¹⁰ This has been, and continues to be, a good thing.

III

The third motivation, which led to the formation of the Pastoral Union and the Seminary was the desire to meet the demand for more trained men for the expanding needs of the Christian Church. The nation was growing rapidly. The churches were expanding to the west. There was urgent need for home missionary workers. The first American foreign missionary board,—the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—had been established in 1810. The meeting for its organization was held in nearby Farmington. There has been maintained through all its history an intimate tie

between the Seminary and the world-wide expansion of Christianity. A very large number of Hartford men and women have served abroad. This close tie ultimately led to the formation of the Kennedy School of Missions in 1911. All of these expanding activities of the churches called for more well trained leaders.

Even more important was the need to win more of the people of the local community to active Christian faith. A state-wide revival began in the summer of 1831. "Of the 226 Congregational Churches in the state," writes Professor Geer, "probably four-fifths experienced revivals."¹¹ The better and more permanent results were obtained through the protracted meetings conducted by the local ministers assisted by neighboring pastors. One outstanding minister, called upon to assist the local ministers again and again, was Dr. Asahel Nettleton. He never indulged in any excessive emotionalism. His main appeal was for an intelligent response to the basic truths of the Christian gospel. This type of revival was producing remarkable results here in New England in the 1830's. For instance, in 1831, sixty men graduated from Amherst. Thirty-two of them entered the Christian ministry. In 1836 Dartmouth graduated 24 men, of whom 16 became Christian leaders. President Dwight of Yale, speaking in Hartford in 1831, said that a deep religious spirit pervaded that University. Results like that are very significant indeed. This was the type of revival Dr. Nettleton sought to further. He was a graduate of Yale, but even so, he was an active participant in the organization of the Pastoral Union and the formation of the Seminary. He was called to be the first professor of pastoral theology. But his health never permitted him to accept the call or give full time to the Seminary. But he was "heart and soul with the Seminary from the start."¹² The Seminary was established to train revival leaders of Dr. Nettleton's type.

There were many revival leaders of an altogether different type—men without benefit of careful training, men who barged into local communities without the knowledge or invitation of the local ministers, men whose work proved to be divisive and damaging to the churches. The leaders of the Pastoral Union had no desire to foster that kind of irresponsible evangelism. They were however, concerned with the winning of men to Christ and His church. The second article in the original constitution of the Pastoral Union reads: "The object of this Union shall be to promote genuine revivals of religion, and a union of pastors and churches in the principles and practices of the gospel."¹³ No one can find fault with the attempt of these ministers

of central Connecticut to help provide more trained leaders for an expanding church.

IV

A fourth motivation was at work in the minds and hearts of these founders of the Pastoral Union and the Seminary. They wanted to establish a school wherein the young men could earn their own way. "It is expedient," they agreed, "to establish a manual labor theological institute in this state."¹⁴ The original site of the seminary was on a farm on East Windsor Hill. The idea was that the students could cultivate their own gardens and support themselves while they were getting their education. Incidentally, that farm was only a short distance from the birthplace of Jonathon Edwards. When the cornerstone of the first seminary building was selected, the Trustees chose the stone outside the door of Reverend Timothy Edwards' house. Timothy Edwards was Jonathon Edwards' father. This choice, no doubt, symbolized the loyalty of the founders of the new school to the principles of Jonathon Edwards. The fact that Andover, Princeton, and Lane Seminaries had all been recently established in rural communities encouraged the Trustees to select the South Windsor location. The importance of physical exercise was then beginning to be understood. President Tyler, in his inaugural address, laid emphasis upon the need of theological students for physical exercise.¹⁵

The plan for the students to cultivate the land was optional from the first. The faculty hoped the students would not spend all their time on their farming. But their fears at this point were needless. The first year the 14 students, by much neglect of their farming, managed to earn about \$15.00 each. That makes us smile, but then we ought to remember that \$15.00 was real money in those days. The students paid nothing for their tuition or room. They cut their own fire wood and paid about \$1.50 a week for board in private families.¹⁶ They did not have to pay \$6-7-8 for theological books. The student farming activities disappointed those first Trustees; but then they consoled themselves with the thought that the primary object of the manual labor experiment was not to make money, but to give the students much needed exercise. Those fine Christian men, faculty and trustees alike—may not have known anything about the psychological process we now call rationalization, but they certainly knew how to practise it. This part of their total plan proved to be a flop, and was soon abandoned. The need for theological students to earn part of their expenses certainly continues—especially when they

arrive at the Seminary with attractive wives. But now they earn their way through school by the sweat of their brows at the Hartford insurance companies.

In 1932 a boy born out in Edmond, Oklahoma was named the most beautiful baby in his community. Some years later, as a student at Oklahoma Central State College, he won another distinction. He was designated the ugliest man on the campus.¹⁷ We are all glad that the Seminary has met no such fate. It had an auspicious beginning. But it has also grown increasingly strong, progressive and beautiful through the ensuing years. With the coming of Biblical criticism, the development of the natural and social sciences, the changing economic picture, and the broadening forms of professional Christian service, the Seminary has changed its program and its point of view. The members of the Pastoral Union, and the ministerial members of the Board of Trustees they have elected, have shared in and approved of these changes. In 1889 Dr. Chester D. Hartranft was elected its President. He brought in a new emphasis upon critical thinking and encouraging the students to do independent work. The old rationalistic and dogmatic methods in theology were abandoned. The new critical, scholarly approach was espoused. But this was done, under President Hartranft's leadership without dissension or conflict. All of the theological seminaries were going through this painful process at about the same time. What was peculiar about this transformation at Hartford was, as Professor Pratt has written, "the breadth and thoroughness of it, and that it was accomplished without the slightest sense of essential rupture with the past."¹⁸ Dr. Hartranft helped to usher in "the most brilliant period of the Seminary history . . . up to that time."¹⁹ The Pastoral Union backed him up in this marked change.

The Pastoral Union and the Hartford Theological Seminary, now expanded into the Hartford Seminary Foundation, were born ". . . the child of deep convictions and earnest faith."²⁰ These men, and their successors, have been men of deep conviction, tolerant spirit, and broad vision. Professor Waldo Selden Pratt has given utterance to a thought we do well to keep in mind at this 125th anniversary: "No one can safely cavil at what (God) He has sanctified and blessed."²¹

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- ⁴ *Advance*, *The National Journal of Congregational Christian Churches*, May 9, 1958, Page 5.
- ⁵ *Op. cit.*, p. 16.
- ⁶ *The Hartford Courant*, April 20, 1958.
- ⁷ Lecture delivered May 6, 1958.
- ⁸ Waldo Seiden Pratt, *Hartford Theological Seminary, Exercises in Connection with the Celebration of the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary*, Hartford Seminary Press, Hartford, Conn., 1909, Page 24.
- ⁹ *Christian Century* Editorial, May 14, 1958, Pages 579-582.
- ¹⁰ *Op. cit.*, p. 24.
- ¹¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 5.
- ¹² Geer, *op. cit.*, Page 53.
- ¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 30.
- ¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 68.
- ¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 70.
- ¹⁶ Cf *Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the Theological Institute of Connecticut*, J. Hubbard Wells, Printer, Hartford, Conn., 1835, Page 8.
- ¹⁷ *Hartford Courant*, June 23, 1957.
- ¹⁸ *Op. cit.*, p. 18.
- ¹⁹ Pratt, *op. cit.*, p. 18.
- ²⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 5.
- ²¹ *Ibid.*, p. 10.

Faith and Conscience

DR. FREDERICK NEUMANN

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We speak and shall always speak of the dictates of conscience. We say the conscience spurs, prompts, warns, accuses, condemns or clears and encourages us. We rejoice in a good or suffer the remorse of an evil conscience. All these and other related common expressions are innocent, even indispensable yet must not be taken literally. Their uncritical use blurs the understanding of the structure and nature of the conscience. Does the conscience really shift from one place to another, changing the content and meaning, the force and pitch of its message? Does it really oppose us at one time, cheer us at another, then again bring us to trial and sentence us? Concerning its well-being, can it be seriously maintained that it proves satisfied and well-disposed, now, while in a short time it will be thrown into abysses of despair, writhing with pain? These are all figures of speech that must not be taken for a description of what actually happens between us and our conscience.

We cannot help speaking in metaphors, and to complain of it is to complain of being human. Yet our metaphors even where they are sanctified by New Testament usage must not be permitted to interfere with a sober analysis. If we let them interfere we would at the outset miss one of the fundamental characteristics of the conscience message, its majestic sameness and forcible monotony.

We misread this fundamental feature because we are in the habit of attributing to the conscience the changes *we* are undergoing in reaction to its communication. The conscience does not speak to us now in a friendly then in a hostile manner, now with a serene, assuring voice, then with a deafening, terrific bang. Our metaphors describe not what the conscience says to us or the mode in which it says it but rather what we say to our conscience. The conscience never changes its speech for the simple reason that it has none. It does not speak at all. I challenge everybody to put down in writing the words his conscience dictates to him. Nobody can, for there are no words. The words we ascribe to it are ventriloquial. They belong to our reason or lack of reason in interpreting its communication. The

amazing mystery about the message of the conscience is that it comes to us without words.

If we cannot speak without metaphors let us choose the ones that fit the subject in question. And let us change them as we have occasion for it, lest in sticking to their pictorial content, we miss the original intention and meaning. We must be conscious of the provisional character of every figure, the onesideness of the particular aspect it represents. I shall therefore in this lecture let a number of successive similes neutralize one another. You will know that this suggested procedure is not of recent invention. A worm that does not die and a fire that is not quenched are pictorially incompatible, just therefore their sequence brings out the idea of lasting torment. Similarly, a good tree is pictorially incompatible with the builder who builds his house on the rock. Just because the pictures conflict their sequence brings out the idea of the consequences of the right choice.

One can compare the call of the conscience to a tune, one and the same tune hummed all the time. We all know what strong effect certain tunes can have on the human mind. They can be more powerful than words, and their wordless message is perfectly understood.

The conscience never stops its mysterious hum. Sometimes its voice sounds very low, fading away till it becomes inaudible, then, once at a sudden, rises to the shrill pitch which commands your trembling attention though you would rather run away from it. In fact, the conscience does not change its performance. It neither shouts nor whispers nor is ever silent. We have doped ourselves till we became nearly insensitive to its appeal. How do we manage it? By means of many and various excuses. What appears as a rise in pitch on the part of the conscience is often only the breakdown of some of our attempted arrangements, either slowly and gradually or suddenly with a crash.

One might apply to the conscience what Heraclitus of Ephesus said about the Lord of the oracle at Delphi: "He does not speak; he is not silent; he points."

Why is it then that we project into the conscience what are our reactions to or interpretations of, its significations? There must be a reason, and its exploration will I hope shed more light on the subject.

I will take my point of departure from a great, familiar text. When a man on his way down from Jerusalem to Jericho had fallen among robbers who stripped him and beat him and departed, leaving him half-dead, a priest was going down that road. This priest was not

a bad fellow. He would have liked to render help, but, alas, he was too busy. He had to hurry up to be on time for a most important committee meeting to be held under the palm trees of Jericho. So he passed by on the other side.

After him came a Levite, also quite a decent fellow. He would have liked to render help, but how could he, seeing that he was already late for a family reunion to be held at the near-by wayside inn? It had taken the good man three months to invite all the people and make preparations for the gathering. How could he miss the initial reception exercises? So he passed by on the other side.

Then came a Samaritan, a very busy merchant. Still, he stopped and did his duty. He obeyed his conscience.

What does the conscience do? In whatever situation I may find myself at any time: the conscience points me straight to this present situation. The priest in the parable who passed by the sufferer on the road-side was in his mind already down in the town of Jericho, debating a critical ecclesiastical issue with his peers. The Levite was in his mind already haranguing his first, second, third and fourth cousins at the wayside inn. When their conscience struck they did not return to the present. They were so engrossed by their expectations, desires, apprehensions and fears that they passed the sufferer on the road, by-passing their conscience, which seeks always to recall men to the present—to the here and now where responsible decisions must be made. The Good Samaritan let himself be arrested. He listened to the "here and now" signal of his conscience, and as he truly entered his present situation he knew his neighbor by becoming a neighbor to him.

Now shall we say that the good Samaritan was told by his conscience to bind up the man's wounds, pour on oil and wine and bring him to the inn? We can say it if we do not mean it literally. Otherwise, we ascribe to the conscience a number of detailed suggestions that are clearly beyond its field of action. How to administer first aid to a patient is a matter of practical knowledge. No man has ever been able to extract this knowledge from his conscience. What does the conscience really do? It brings into the situation what was not there before. It moralizes the situation. It creates a moral situation out of a mere setting of occurrences.

And here is the reason for our ventriloquism in letting the conscience give us orders. Because the conscience never indulges in generalities but always forces me into the moral situation it creates, I provide it in my mind with specific mandates which it does not and

cannot issue. These mandates are my interpretations of its wordless message, and they depend on what manner of man I am, and that largely depends on my upbringing, historical and sociological background. One need not be an ethical relativist in order to make allowance for many different and often mutually contradictory interpretations of one and the same conscience call. Notwithstanding what I do with this call, it points me invariably like an arrow to the present situation. Though it has no words its message is quite definite.

One must go farther and state that it is just the wordless character of its signal that makes it so precise and strong.

Another metaphor seems now in order. Think of your alarm clock in the morning. You would fain turn round in your bed and sleep on. The alarm does not let you. What does it do in encountering your sleepiness? Does it lecture to you concerning your duties? Does it accuse you of being lazy? All that is clearly beyond the faculty of an alarm clock. The power of the alarm is in that it strikes in ignoring your actual and possible remonstrations. It goes on with its impitiable noise as if the desire that informs your remonstrations did not exist. By proving entirely inaccessible to your pleadings, it forcefully reminds you of your resolution to rise at 7 A.M. Of course, you can stretch out your hand and turn it off, to sleep on. But then, you know you would be untrue to yourself.

Now if we translate the call of the alarm clock into words—what is the grammatical mood of the sentence? Is it an imperative? No, it is the indicative mood of a simple factual statement: "7 o'clock." And you know that it is time for you to rise.

Similarly, the conscience does not give orders to you. With its merely factual communication it overrides your excuses by ignoring them, going on with its call, imperturbably. It does not enter debate with you. It continues with its tick, tick, tick, changing the figure of the alarm into that of an ordinary clock that simply tells you the time. Precisely because the conscience never argues with you but only continues with its signals it is always in a position to tell you the moral time. Its call is not in the imperative but rather in the indicative mood. It points to one and the same fact, confronting you with it, here and now, then again, here and now. What is this fact?

There is no doubt that our concepts of duty, moral law, the whole sphere inscribed with "You ought" derive from the conscience. The question is, however, whether they are originally in the conscience or else represent inferences we draw from its call.

We saw that the conscience never tells us specifically what we

ought to do. It does not lay down rules of moral conduct but rather leaves that to him whose conscience it is. We must now ask whether the conscience nevertheless tells us in a general manner what we ought to do. Does it urge us under all circumstances to keep the moral law whatever that may be? Does it issue the pure a priori form of a categorical imperative? My answer is that the conscience regarded in its own structure does not command but states. To project our inferences from its call into the conscience itself entails a personification that defies the conscience. Only God commands. Every imperative we infer from the conscience receives its force of inner obligation from an underlying indicative. Or does the conscience treat us like dogs? "Get up?" "Lie down?" The conscience does not violate our freedom but attests it. It states and establishes our dignity as moral persons. For the one and the same fact to which it always points is our responsibility, here and now. Responsibility for what? For the consequences of your present action or inactivity.

The conscience creates the moral situation by presenting us with the necessity of a clear-cut choice. Think of Hercules on the crossroads. Or, more seriously, the parenetic chapters in the Book of Deuteronomy. Or the two gates and the two ways in the Sermon on the Mount. These and numerous other figures interpret the continuous flashes that issue from the conscience.

In their light you know for certain that what will become of you depends on your present decision. You are not told what you ought to do. You are confronted with the alternative results of what you will do or will not do, now. You receive not a command but a vision. And this vision provides the imperatives you draw from it with their rational foundation.

We are placed before an alternative. Either-or. No third term given. What is this alternative?

The conscience is a great mystery, and one of its most mysterious features is the way it presents the moral choice. In pointing to the consequences of your action, it works without descriptive material. All it offers you are two blanks or empty frames. Yet these two blanks are sharply distinguished. One bears a positive, the other a negative sign. Think for a moment of green and red traffic lights at an intersection, but only for a moment lest you miss another startling fact about the conscience.

For in presenting its two alternative blanks, it sets your mind working. Your thoughts and imagination start filling the blanks with contour and color. The material they use will again depend on what

manner of man you are, your character, your past decisions, the way you have been instructed or left uninstructed.

We are all under the permanent instruction of Holy Scripture. The Scriptures fill the two frames with a wealth of figures and concepts. The most inclusive ones are those of life and death. They are used profusely from the story of the garden of Eden up to the last vision in Revelation.

Let me dwell on the story of the garden with the two trees. The one is the forbidden tree, the other the tree of life. Now in the narrative of the temptation and fall the tree of life seems to play no part. It is only mentioned before the story starts and then again after the fall. Why is it in the story? It was in the tradition on which the author drew, and he had to let it stand since a plant of immortality belongs to the inventory of Paradise stories. Yet there is more to it. As the tree stands there it fulfils a necessary function. For in the narrative as we have it now the presence of the two trees marks the alternative consequences of man's choice. Therefore, the tree of life must stand there, all the time that the woman lets herself be engaged in conversation by the tempter, succumbs to him, eats and gives the man to eat. Nothing is said about the tree of life yet there it stands in the midst of the garden in close vicinity to the tree of death. It must stand there, near and visible, lest the threat of death at the beginning of the story remain misunderstood and meaningless. For the Divine warning not to eat of the forbidden tree cannot be understood except by contrast with the promise which the tree of life signifies.

These two trees are planted in every man's mind. We are no longer in Paradise. Our view is limited and dim yet every time we open our eyes to the flashes of the conscience there emerge the silhouettes of both, the tree of life and the tree of death.

What will become of you depends on your present choice. Wherein does this choice consist? What is the alternative before you?

Am I supposed to decide either for life or for death? No. The two members of the alternative are not of equal standing. Only the first exercises motivating power. Death, to lose one's foothold, slip and tumble into the abyss, to lose not only all one has but to lose oneself in an absolute moral sense when a man is no longer in a position to forgive himself though God and all the angels and saints are ready to forgive him—who will, who can decide for death? There is only one decision I can take, life. What is then the wrong side of the

alternative, the wide gate and the road that lead to destruction? Continued indecision. The negative choice consists in neglecting the call of the conscience. Not to respond is to be irresponsible. Irresponsibility is the root of all evil. It bears a diversified and complicated structure as no man is ever in a position to contradict his own conscience straight away. He must cover the nakedness of his irresponsibility with the fig leaves of rationalization. For our conscience is part and parcel of ourselves. However, a treatment of the logic imposed on our excuses by our conscience and the opening of the ontological vistas to which it leads are beyond the limited scope of this lecture.

My conscience presents me with my responsibility for the alternative consequences of my present choice. It does not make me responsible. This I must do myself and will do it if I take the call of the conscience seriously. In accepting its message, in realizing its cruciality, I determine myself as a moral person. I actualize my freedom. For freedom is not the exemption from the causal nexus of things, ascribed to a faculty of the mind by the name of will. I act free if doer and deed, subject and object of the action are one and the same, this whole man. Freedom consists in acting upon one-self with the resolute decision of heeding the conscience message. Freedom is realized responsibility. Now if I stopped at this point I would get entangled in the meshes of ethical formalism, and also be liable to a certain inebriation with proud, sublime words and vertigo as one of the main results. The structure and nature of the conscience would remain underdetermined. For the conscience call with all its sameness and monotony is far richer than it emerged till now.

Why do we often not obey our conscience? Why is the decision of life everything else than a matter of course? Why do we, when being pointed to the present situation, rather keep somewhere else? The answer is that "the gate is narrow and the way it hard."

For the decision of freedom in which the whole man acts upon himself implies his surrender. In acting as a free person, I turn against myself. I break my natural inertia and driftage. I leave this hard shell in order to dedicate myself to what is demanded of me in this present situation. The moral decision is not only the logical opposite of indecision. It actually opposes it. We cannot enter by the narrow gate without our definite refusal to stroll through the wide gate. We cannot choose life without positively fearing and shunning death. Freedom is freedom to overcome oneself in the concrete terms of

one's present situation. There is no freedom without obedience. In manifesting my responsibility, the conscience lights up the path of obedient surrender.

To whom is our obedient surrender due? What is the ultimate meaning of the conscience call? An answer to these questions requires a brief analysis of both the good and the evil conscience.

What happens if a man obeys his conscience? I believe there is such a thing as a good conscience. I admit that often the conscience sleeps through thunder not because it is good but rather because we are asleep. But fear of the reproach of self-righteousness is not a valid motive for denying the reality of a good conscience.

A good conscience is not one that pats me on the shoulder or purs with ease and coziness. It is quite the same conscience as before yet its ever on-going messages are no longer obstructed by my excuses and concomitant fears. The good conscience is the free, undisturbed, effective conscience. Or to use the beautiful word provided by the genius of the English language, it is the clear conscience, cleared of the hideous blurs that marred and disfigured its signals. In obeying it, I feel encouraged not to relax but march on, this way, straight ahead.

The difference between the good and the evil conscience is not in the conscience which always remains the same but in us. The attributes good and evil qualify respective states of conscience, more precisely, our actual state of mind in relation to the conscience.

For what does the evil conscience do? It makes me feel that with my neglect of its call I have already entered the shadow of death. How does it make me feel it? The bad conscience does not call me names. It does not hurl accusations against me. It does not condemn me. It does not need to. I must do that myself in the continued presence of a call which I have spurned. The evil conscience is in fact a tantalizing conscience as it goes on pointing to a promise of which I know that I have come short of it. The tree of life beckons to me from behind the shut gate of Paradise lost.—The pangs, qualms, remorse of conscience are in reality the pains I suffer from my knowledge of good forfeit and evil incurred. Precisely by going on with its call as if nothing had happened, the conscience torments me. The monotony of its signals in ignoring my plight, the constant ticking of the clock, reminding me that I have missed my crucial appointment, represent a torture than which nothing can be more terrible. Without moving a finger, my betrayed conscience casts me into hell.

Does the good conscience lift me up to heaven? Is the fruit of the tree of life identical with a clear conscience? Does the conscience itself fill the blanks it presents? Let us not make too much occasional feelings of moral satisfaction. Also the clear conscience continues with its signals as if nothing had happened. What has then become of the promise of life? Nothing like what is being called the "eschatological occurrence." My conscience impressed me with the necessity of taking my decision in this present situation. I must decide in order to live. I did decide. What did I experience thereupon? Nothing in particular. Time just goes on and off to the signals of the conscience. Am I cheated by my conscience? If the conscience does not and cannot lie I must conclude that in obeying it, I have not followed its lead all along, therefore missed a whole dimension of my present real situation and the positive fulfilment it can afford.

Let us approach this dimension in recalling the parable of the good Samaritan. True to his conscience, the good Samaritan realized his responsibility, there and then. He did surrender himself. To whom? Since a parable is not an allegory, the question is exegetically out of place. However, it can be taken from the parable to whom the Samaritan did not make his surrender of obedience. It cannot be said that he obeyed the man who had fallen among robbers. He rather had compassion for him which he expressed with his unselfish, dedicated aid. He responded to a claim that was being made on him not by but through the man who had fallen among robbers. Whether the man had asked him for help or couldn't ask because he was unconscious is irrelevant. The good Samaritan knew that he was under a claim. The fact that this victim of assault needed help was not the object of his obedient surrender but rather the particular form in which the constant claim of surrender, attested by the conscience, manifested itself, there and then.

The name of God is not mentioned in this parable. It is not mentioned either in 1 Cor. 13. But does not the parable of the good Samaritan teach obedience to God? It definitely does, even apart from the context and also from Luke's probable intention to demonstrate that a schismatic and heretic might know God better than the elite of the people of God represented by the lawyer with his evasive question: "Who is my neighbor?"

The conscience does not speak of God. It does not speak at all. But it comes into its own, its mind and the meaning of its testimony are satisfied only by complete, constant surrender to Him "with whom

we have to do." (Heb. 4, 13). The truth of its testimony is established, the promise of life is made good, the life-giving presence of the Lord of life is realized in the act of obedient surrender to Him.

The thrust of this lecture is not theological but philosophical. However, the relation between philosophy and theology is different today from what it was only one generation ago. For the philosopher today can draw on a body of solid factual knowledge, called Biblical Theology. In availing myself of this advantage, I will skip all considerations that come under the traditional heading of "general revelation," not that I am not interested in the problems but because of the time limit. I will rather endeavor to show, briefly, how the Divine revelation attested in the Holy Scriptures fills the blanks which the conscience offers us with its sign.

The God of Israel, Creator and Judge of the world, Ruler of history, Father of the Lord Jesus Christ makes His total claim on us who are His possession. Obedience is life, disobedience, destruction. "You are not your own" (1 Cor. 6, 19) Says the apostle. With this brief statement Paul speaks the whole mind of the conscience, summing up the revealed interpretation of its message as it confronts us already in the earliest strata of the Old Testament.

A very strong documentation of both the Divine claim and the Divine promise is found in the J-E account of the events in the wilderness of Sinai prior to the promulgation of the Decalogue. We read: "You have seen what I did to the Egyptians, and how I bore you on eagle's wings and brought you to myself. Now therefore, if you will obey my voice and keep my covenant, you shall be my own possession among all peoples; for all the earth is mine, and you shall be to me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation." (Ex. 19, 4ff)

The King James Version has for "my own possession," "my peculiar treasure"—a profound interpretation of the phrase. For in this context the Divine ownership does not only denote God's moral claim but also the benefits enjoyed by those who surrender to His claim. The words are both law and promise. They are set against the horizon against which the whole Old Testament is set, God's inconceivable love in electing this people from among the nations of the earth. They shall be God's own possession, His peculiar treasure because in obeying His voice and keeping His covenant, they shall know the love God has for them. There is no greater bliss and felicity than in knowing the love of God. The verses quoted reveal the Divine fulfillment of the promise in every man's conscience.

The sum of all a man can desire for himself, no, infinitely more is

the knowledge of being loved by God. How do we know it? By registering it with a dull mind and inert will? To know God is to acknowledge Him. We must go out of ourselves to meet Him as He has gone out to meet us. If we do we shall realize that He has loved us ever before we loved Him.

To turn to God is to turn against oneself. In order to receive His love and commune with Him we must jump out of our skin. How can a man jump out of his skin? Passing over the Old Testament evangelical preparation, let me proceed to the New Testament.

In the gospel of Christ we are offered the forgiveness of our sins and the gift of the Spirit of freedom. We are granted authority to overcome our irresponsible moral inertia that fights shy of surrendering to the love of God. We receive the knowledge of the true God and him whom He has sent, which is eternal life, starting here and now. Let me sketch the essence of the Christian faith with a view to the message of the conscience.

Faith is, first of all, a free decision of obedient surrender. I am not my own. I belong to Him who bought me with a price. Jesus Christ is my Lord. There is no life for me except in consigning my all to my Lord.

The claim He makes on me is one of unreserved trust. For He came not to judge but to save. Is trust less of a surrender than obedience to a law? Faith in the classical Protestant interpretation of *fiducia* is an obedient outgoing of the whole man to meet the love of God in Christ. In entrusting my all to Christ, I make myself over to Him. I give Him my heart. I thus comply with the claim of surrender which my conscience attests. I obey my conscience.

Faith is, as Luther put it, a restless thing. It cannot remain idle. When the heart has gone out to meet its Lord and Savior it does not return to the hard shell of spiritless self-will it has left. It remains outside, offering itself to God in worship and to the neighbor in deeds of loving service. Who is my neighbor? He whom I meet in the present situation.

Through faith active in love the Christian communes with God. He receives and knows His love: "If you keep my commandments, you will abide in my love, just as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in His love. These things I have spoken to you, that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be full." (John 15, 10f) The joy of obedient faith is the fulfilment of the Divine promise testified by every man's conscience.

This fulfilment, however, can only be fragmentary during this

present time. For Christ has created in us a new man to engage him in a life-long, relentless struggle with the old man's moral indecision, lethargy and all the sins and trespasses that embody our treacherous excuses. Struggle gives pain. And the world in which we live and of which we are part is filled to the brim with wrongdoing and suffering. The complete fulfilment is beyond. In this sense it cannot be stated strongly enough that the ultimate Christian interpretation of the conscience message is futural, prophetic, eschatological.

In conclusion, I express my hope that what I said about the conscience and its relation to the faith can be considered a midtwentieth century vindication of Tertulan's great famous assertion: *Anima naturaliter christiana*. The soul is Christian by nature.

Emily Dickinson—Puritan, Neurotic or Proto-Existentialist?

By JEAN MERRILL BALDERSTON

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In the year 1862, when the Reverend Charles Wadsworth of Philadelphia accepted a call to a San Francisco parish, Emily Dickinson, who unbeknown to him loved and idealized him, chose to wear white clothing exclusively, chose never to leave the grounds of her family home, wrote three hundred and sixty-six poems—the largest number of any year of her life and her metaphysically finest—and asked Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a contemporary Boston writer and critic, to be her preceptor. The year was, authorities agree, the most significant year of her life.

In the departure of Mr. Wadsworth for a city then so distant, Emily was able to idealize her relationship with him to the extent that she felt invisibly married to him, and in channeling the resignation of total separation from him, made him her major source of poetic inspiration. In initiating her correspondence with Higginson she was asserting that she was no amateur writer of verses but a capable poet. Although she repeatedly wrote to Higginson requesting literary advice, she never followed the advice he proffered, and when within the round of their initial year of correspondence Higginson wrote that he felt her poetry was not for public consumption, Emily wrote privately a rash of poems dealing with fame, at once praising fame and decrying it.

While it is easy today to criticize Higginson's shortsighted view of Emily's poetry, Higginson served the person if not the poet Emily well, for without being able to understand her he yet accepted her, able from his earlier vocation of clergyman to grasp and respond to her need for acceptance. Indeed, Emily wrote to him after they had corresponded for some time, that in responding to her initial letter in 1862, Higginson had "saved her life."¹

Higginson has said that he did not know what she meant by these words, and while, with poems, correspondence and interpretive biographies before us, some general statements can now be made—that Higginson replaced Wadsworth if not as a love object, yet as a confidant, and that he provided a well known cosmopolitan literary

contact—it is still difficult today to know what were the deepest reasons for her statement.

The question which I am raising in this paper is, "Was Emily's approach to life and to her poetry existential?" A question which Dickinson interpreters and the reviewers of the recently published volumes of the complete poems and letters² have asked has been, "Were Emily's choice of seclusion in her life and her preoccupation with contingency and death in her poetry and letters typical response in a Puritan spinster or essentially abnormal?"

In my opinion, R. P. Blackmur has come closer than any other critic to relating Emily to modern existential thinkers. In an article in the *Kenyon Review*, "Emily Dickinson's Notation,"³ he writes regarding her use of dashes instead of standard punctuation, that her notation's cruelly forceful and unmanipulable freedom places her poetry in a chain that runs from Baudelaire through surrealism and even into existentialism. Quoting from Marcel Raymond's *From Baudelaire to Surrealism* (N.Y., 1950), Blackmur writes, "Poetry in this time 'tended to become an ethic or some sort of irregular instrument of metaphysical knowledge.'"⁴ According to Blackmur, this statement establishes Emily as a member of the "intellectual movement of modern poetry."⁵

In this paper I shall list what are the typical existential characteristics and look for illustrations of these characteristics first in Emily's life and then in her poetry. Then, since so many critics would indicate that her life and poetry were significantly influenced by factors operating from childhood and/or the orthodoxy of a New England environment, I shall explore whether on consideration of these critics' interpretations there was yet any uniqueness of intensity in Emily's life and poetry which would suggest an existential attitude or provide warrant for Blackmur's slightly more cautious statement.

In writing this paper I am giving myself this limit, that it would be inappropriate to ask whether Emily was an existential thinker, but only, whether she shared *without undue paternal or Puritan* influences, those characteristics which mark existentialists as members of a common school of thought. I have given myself this limit for two reasons. First, Emily, while a philosophical poet, was not a formal philosopher. Unlike such present-day existential philosophers as Marcel and Sartre who have also published literary works, Emily attempted to formulate no philosophical system. In contrast, the artistic representations of such thinkers as Marcel and Sartre have been illustrations, essentially, of their formal philosophical systems. Second, since Emily

was an "inner-directed, verbal and sensitively aware woman," and since existential philosophies demand existential decision and participation as well as emphatic theoretical relationships, it would not be fair either to Emily or to existential philosophies, to place Emily, who was not acquainted with even the forerunners of this school, formally within this philosophical school. A philosophical school arises, it would seem, from common response in common ways to a common socio-cultural situation. Amherst, Massachusetts, in Emily's formative years, was still a staunch stronghold of Puritan orthodoxy. American culture itself was still in a formative state and when the first step toward industrialization chugged into Amherst in the form of a railroad, Emily was as delighted and excited as her fellow citizens and remained throughout her life responsive to the trains' whistles. While it is true that a civil war took place in America during her life span, she remained remote from political activity and summed up her political responses in this succinct statement in a letter to Mrs. Josiah Holland in October, 1870, when the Germans were besieging Paris, "What Miracle the news is! Not Bismark but ourselves."⁶ While introspection may seem superficially to be a more typical characteristic of existential thinking than involved participation in external affairs, the explanation of this possible ambiguity is that Emily was never interested in political affairs or civil turmoil at all, whereas it is confrontation with just such political and civil turmoil that has prompted many moderns to make the existential decision. Emily's struggles, initially and throughout her life, were involved with the life of her inner self. Moreover, this preoccupation with meaningful personal living was a typical concern of the society in which she lived, and is indication, indeed, of a cultural environment quite different from that of most existential thinkers.

Emmanuel Mounier lists the following eight characteristics as typical elements of existential philosophies:⁷

(1) The Contingency of the Human Being, (2) The Impotence of Reason, (3) The Bounding Leap of the Human Being, (4) Instability of the Human Being, (5) Estrangement, (6) Conclusive Finality and the Immanence of Death, (7) Solitude and the Secret Self and (8) Nothingness.

Having these before us it is appropriate to turn to Emily's life to see if it showed similar characteristics. Most briefly, her life can be divided into three sections: those years prior to her poetic intensity (1830-58); the years of poetic intensity (1858-65); and the years of tapering poetic intensity, from 1865 until her death in 1886.

In her childhood and adolescence Emily was gay and fun-loving, and in reading her early letters it is hard for one to imagine her as a future recluse. Yet she wrote to her friends with a facility that is noteworthy and early had a vivid confrontation with death. Hearing that a friend her own age was dying, she begged permission to visit her sickroom. The experience of watching death approach made such an impression upon her that her family found it wise to send her to cousins for an extended visit away from the Amherst scene.

She was an alert student and loved her Amherst Academy days and teachers. She looked forward eagerly to attending Mount Holyoke Seminary and enrolled there in the autumn of 1847. At that time, students were categorized, according to George Whicher in his biography, *This Was a Poet*, as "having a hope," as "tender," or as "without hope."⁸ Emily, arriving "without hope," nearly chose to become a Christian in the middle of that year, but a visit home modified her briefly heightened empathy toward Christianity, and finally she remained "without hope." The Mount Holyoke year, Thomas Johnson indicates in his biography, gave Emily "a sense of inadequacy which she never fully overcame."⁹ At the end of her initial year at Mount Holyoke she returned home having decided definitely not to return in the autumn for the second year program. The call to become a Christian, however, remained with her for some time and it was only in 1850 that she was able to write to her friend Abiah Root, that her religious destiny was to be unorthodox:

"... you are growing wiser than I am and nipping in the bud fancies which I let blossom—perchance to bear no fruit, or if plucked, I may find it bitter. The shore is safer, Abiah, but I love to buffet the sea—I can count the bitter wrecks here in these pleasant waters, and hear the murmuring winds, but oh, I love the danger! You are learning control and firmness. Christ Jesus will love you more. I'm afraid he don't love me *any*."¹⁰

The next major influence upon her life was Benjamin Newton, a young law student in her father's office, who encouraged her to be a poet and who introduced her to Emerson and other radical thinkers. Emily was much attached to him and was grief stricken when, in 1853, he died at but thirty-two years of age. In 1856, her brother Austin married one of her closest girlhood friends, Susan Gilbert. Scintillating, and sharing Emily's literary interests, Sue was a stimulating companion in the years before her marriage and in the early years after her wedding.

But Emily's most meaningful personal relationships came after 1858. These were with Mr. Wadsworth, Higginson, Helen Hunt Jackson, Samuel Bowles, the Josiah Hollands and Judge Otis Lord. It is assumed that she met Mr. Wadsworth while visiting Philadelphia cousins in her late twenties. Her love for him incited again the poetic urge, submerged at Newton's death, that culminated in 1862 in such an incredible number of excellent metaphysical poems. In 1862 Higginson replaced Wadsworth, to whom Emily had written frequently regarding spiritual matters, as a new confidant, but as a confidant on a literary and social plane only, notwithstanding that Higginson had been a clergyman before becoming a literary critic. Samuel Bowles and the Hollands had been friends of the whole Dickinson family, whom Emily preempted as personal friends and confidants. Much of her contact with these friends was through correspondence, as it was with friends newly met in these years. Samuel Bowles and Josiah Holland were joint editors of *The Springfield Republican*, a journal of national reputation, and served if not in the specific ways which Higginson did, as literary friends and advisors also. Samuel Bowles was on a particularly friendly basis with Emily and was unique in his daring with her. This story is told of him in Johnson's interpretive biography:

"... that once he called upstairs to her: 'Emily, you wretch! No more of this nonsense! I've travelled all the way from Springfield to see you. Come down at once.' She is said to have complied and never to have been more brilliant. There is every reason to believe the story is true except that instead of calling her a 'wretch' he said 'You damned rascal!' The letter she wrote to him after a call he made during 1877 concludes: 'It is strange that the most intangible thing is the most adhesive.' She signed the letter, 'Your rascal,' adding: 'I washed the Adjective'."¹¹

While Emily enjoyed and respected Josiah Holland, she was especially fond of his witty and independent wife, Elizabeth, whom she called her sister. Her letters to Mrs. Holland are unique among her correspondence for their maturity and lack of affectation. In marked contrast is her childlike correspondence to a pair of slightly younger cousins, Louise and Frances Norcross. In addition to the correspondence with Mrs. Holland and these cousins, Emily maintained a warm correspondence with another woman, Helen Hunt Jackson. Mrs. Jackson, a well known writer in her lifetime, was, of Emily's literary contacts, the single one who felt that Emily was a great poet. A candid woman, she urged and cajoled Emily to publish

her work, but Mrs. Jackson met Emily during her years as a recluse, when in part at Higginson's suggestion and in part because of editorial tampering with the few poems she had published, Emily had already determined to publish no more of her work. Only once did Mrs. Jackson convince her to publish a poem. "Success is Counted Sweetest" was published in an anonymous volume, *A Masque of Poets*, in 1878, after Mrs. Jackson requested it as a personal favor in return for kindnesses she had shown Emily. The poems in the volume were written by the most capable poets of the generation, and Emily's poem was guessed by critics to have been written by Emerson.

The warmest of all the relationships of her mature life, i.e. exclusive of the close family relationships she shared, was with Judge Otis Lord, with whom she shared a mutual love, and with whom, it is quite likely, she contemplated marriage. A lawyer, he had been her father's friend first and belonged to his generation. He was a gifted and commanding person and with him, or so her freely expressive and rather erotic letters would indicate, Emily found some kind of rich fulfillment. This love affair took place in Emily's later years, when her tendency toward seclusion was already ingrained, and marriage did not take place probably because of the difficult recasting of her life it would involve.

Emily's love for Judge Lord was probably somewhat influenced by his being a father figure. Of her lawyer father Emily always spoke with awe and she described in a letter to a friend after his death as "amazing," those years when she had had a father. Critics find it difficult to analyze her attitude toward her father, for if she wrote to her Norcross cousins in 1870, "Father steps like Cromwell when he gets the kindlings,"¹² she was also able to write in a letter to Mrs. Bowles in 1880,

"The last April that father lived, lived I mean below, there were several snow storms and the birds were so frightened and cold they sat by the kitchen door. Father went to the barn in his slippers and came back with a breakfast of grain for each, and hid himself while he scattered it, lest it embarrass them. Ignorant of the name or fate of their benefactor, their descendants are singing this afternoon."¹³

Not until 1875, when her mother became paralyzed, did Emily think of her as a vital member of the family, and then it was because the roles were reversed. With her brother Austin she felt much camaraderie, but it was with her younger sister Lavinia, who also

did not marry, that she shared her most consciously intimate family relationship. In the years between 1862 and Emily's death, when tensions increased between Austin's home and her own, when friend after friend died in close succession, and when her seclusion from the world became increasingly more complete, Lavinia protected her with lavish sisterly affection.

During the later recluse years Emily's poetry dealt increasingly with the creatures of the natural world, but more of it still was channeled into aphoristic letters to friends and relatives, poems essentially, themselves. This seems a particularly appropriate tapering off of poetic energy in a woman who wrote once of letters, "A Letter always feels to me like immortality because it is the mind alone without corporeal friend."¹⁴

In my outline of Emily's life I have purposely stressed her relationships with others over her personal musings and introspections. This is because the material available about her relationships with others is so much more easily interpreted than her *elusive* poetic expression of her thoughts and meditations. Opinions are so varying about the origin and content of her thoughts that their discussion belongs better to an interpretive-analytical section of this paper. A further reason for stressing her relationships with others is to dispel the myth that she was a crabbed spinster who completely separated herself from the world-at-large. The warm and extensive correspondence that she maintained even in her years of greatest seclusion contradict such a notion as does the fact of an authentic love affair in later life. Expressed directly in her letters and in distilled fashion in some of her poetry is the concern that people understand her reluctance to be amid her friends in physical person. She did not run from them because she cared too little about them, but rather because she cared about them too much.

Although many New Englanders did live in seclusion during Emily's lifetime and although New Englanders of both sexes absorbed themselves in elaborate introspection, it is still safe to suggest that Emily was yet a uniquely expressive personality. Not only did she carry on her seclusion and introspection with unusual intensity, but she remained throughout her life outside the Puritan church, which meant in orthodox Amherst, ostracism as one unrespectable both religiously and socially. Furthermore, the incisive and original content of her poetry and its complementary metrical structure indicate together, penetrating ideas grasped full-force by her mind and sensitively participated in by her emotions. To express an idea in poetry

one needs first to have experienced the idea multidimensionally. To express an idea in good poetry one needs to have a clear and keen understanding of the nuances and connections between thought and emotion. And Emily wrote extraordinarily good poetry.

Depending for source material simply upon her biography and the general statement that she wrote philosophically reflective poetry compacted in fresh and startling imagery, it is easy to hypothesize that she shares with existential thinkers a creative melding of reason and emotion, and, to use the existential terms loosely, that she finds *reason per se impotent*. Also, the traumatic childhood experience with death and the deaths in continuous succession, of loved friends, made her aware of the *finality and immanence of death* and of the possibility that it might be *conclusive*, and gave to her a permanent view of human life as *contingent* and *unstable*. Never able to accept the Puritan God for her own, she early felt *estrangement* from both her fellowmen and her world, and had to confront herself religiously in *solitude* finding in solitude albeit a meaningful way of life through what must have been—to satisfy and to sustain so intense a person—a revelatory experience of high calibre. Quite likely, revelation was incited for her by an intuition of a world in which *Nothingness* became a creative means to awareness. In short, were it not for the pesky analyses of psychologists and cultural historians, one might quickly insist that here indeed *is* an existentialist, whether or not unawares. And Emily's poetry can support such a view.

In their 1945 edition of her work, Mabel Loomis Todd and Millicent Todd Bingham arrange Emily's poems under twelve central headings as follows:¹⁵

1. "The Far Theatricals of Day"—poems with such themes as the sunrise, the rain, the wind and the moon;
2. "The Round Year"—poems dealing with the passage of the seasons;
3. "My Pageantry"—poems about the cycle from spring to frost;
4. "Our Little Kinsmen"—poems telling of such creatures in nature as the frog, the angleworm, the spider and the bee;
5. "Once a Child"—poems less autobiographical than about small boys she knew;
6. "The Mob within the Heart"—autobiographical poems in which after successive disappointments she yearns for a sense of detachment. These poems did not continue after she reached adulthood;
7. "Italic Faces"—poems about specific people;

8. "The Infinite Aurora"—love poems;
9. "The White Exploit"—poems about death, divided into six sub-groups:
 - i. "The Final Inch"—of the manner in which men die; clinical;
 - ii. "The Silver Reticence"—of the feelings death evokes in onlookers;
 - iii. "Repealed from Observation"—of the gulf separating the alive and the dead;
 - iv. "Lids of Steel"—depersonalized poems about the terminal nature of death;
 - v. "Concluded Lives"—detached poems written after the deaths of friends;
 - vi. "Creatures Clad in Miracle"—poems first questioning heaven's reality and its inhabitants and finally affirming them.
10. "Vital Light"—poems about aesthetic inspiration and of how ultimately, fame will not escape her;
11. "That Campaign Inscrutable"—emotions portrayed in the abstract, including poems about joy, hope, anguish, etc., and their interrelationships;
12. "An Ablative Estate"—poems written as if standing in another dimension about "the enticement of mystery, the dullness of certainty, the danger of over-indulgence in memory 'shod with adamant;' . . . the joy of risk and experiment which 'escorts us last.' The everlasting anomalies of life are somewhat mitigated by the unescapable presence of the soul."¹⁸

In his biography, Thomas Johnson classifies only Emily's "flood subjects," dividing them into three groups: nature, death and immortality. He prefers, however, to let Emily define her poetics herself and refers the reader to her fourth letter to Higginson where she states, "My Business is Circumference."¹⁷ Recalling the physical responses of cold and of heat which she experienced when confronting beauty, either in nature or in a true poem, Johnson defines circumference as a "profound and reverent dread . . . that she felt never to be far away and she wishes to take her tutors hand when the woods become too dark to penetrate alone."¹⁸

Scanning these classifications of Emily's poetry, one finds that the central existential theme of death has been covered in all its facets. Nearly six hundred of her seventeen hundred-plus poems confront it. "All but death" she wrote in 1863, "can be adjusted."¹⁹ Existential tendencies can also be projected on poems about the passage of seasons, particularly those preoccupied with the role of frost; on such poems as anguish, loneliness, grief and despair in the section "That Campaign

Inscrutable"—the word "inscrutable" itself being indicative; in her desire in "The Mob Within the Heart" to gain detachment from constant disappointment; and particularly in the themes of "An Ablative Estate."

Johnson's interpretation of circumference seems quite Heideggerian, with beauty representing the poet's own image of Nothingness. If Nature and immortality seem inappropriate flood subjects for a good existential thinker, quick browsing through Johnson's chapters on each will yield such a description of nature as:

"There's a certain Slant of light,
Winter Afternoons—
That oppresses, like the Heft
Of Cathedral Tunes—
Heavenly Hurt, it gives us—
We can find no scar,
But internal difference,
Where the Meanings are—
None may teach it—Any—
'Tis the Seal Despair—
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the air—
When it comes, the Landscape listens—
Shadows—hold their breath—
When it goes, 'tis like the Distance
On the look of Death—"20

and this description of immortality:

"Faith slips—and laughs and rallies—
Blushes, if any see—
Plucks at a twig of Evidence—
And asks a Vane the way—
Much gesture from the Pulpit—
Strong Hallelujahs roll—
Narcotics cannot still the Tooth
That nibbles at the soul."21

In all fairness, however, other poems in these two sections are pleasant descriptions of buzzing summer days, and of hope and even assertion of immortality. Yet the variety suggests dialectic.

Johnson opens his biography with a convincing summary of Emily's worlds. It is convincing because it is so inclusive of the many curious strands in her life and poetry that would appear contradictory. It is convincing also because it is clearly no "grand theory" but has its content conservatively based on primary correspondence. Although his summary is lengthy it warrants repetition:

"For Emily Dickinson there were three worlds, and she lived in all of them, making them the substance of everything that she thought and wrote. There was the world of nature, the things and creatures that she saw, heard, felt about her; there was the 'estate' that is the world of friendship; and there was the world of the unseen and unheard whence we trail clouds of glory. From her youth she was looked upon as different. She was direct, impulsive, original and the droll wit who said unconventional things which others thought but dared not speak and said them incomparably well. The characteristics which made her inscrutable to those who knew her well continue to bewilder and surprise, for she lived by paradoxes.

"Certainly the greatest paradox was the fact that the three most pervasive friendships were the most elusive. She saw the Rev. Charles Wadsworth of Philadelphia but three or four times in the course of her life, and then briefly, yet her admiration of him as an ideal and her yearning for him as a person was of unsurpassed importance in her growth as a poet. She sought out for professional advice the critic and publicist Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and both clung to and guided his aid as mentor for more than twenty years, though she never once adopted any counsel he dared to hazard. In the last decade of her life she came to be a warm admirer of the poet and novelist Helen Hunt Jackson, the only qualified judge among Emily Dickinson's contemporaries who believed her to be a great poet, yet Emily Dickinson steadfastly refused to publish even though Mrs. Jackson's importunity was insistent . . .

"Other paradoxes extend beyond her private associations and must be explored if her philosophic achievement can be measured. She scarcely stirred from her Amherst home, yet she projected herself into regions of vastly greater dimension than any that her neighbors had seen. In her middle years, when asked whether she did not feel the need to travel or see visitors, she replied that mere existence was so great a gift that she considered such a need inconceivable. She rebelled against the orthodoxies into which she had been born, yet even in her defiance she was rooted with passionate attachment to the world-in-small wherein she enacted her daily round of duties. Conformity with received traditions she disdained because she felt it led to moral stagnation, yet her most powerful compulsions derived from her Puritan past. She was nourished by its russet base, and from it she fabricated an enduring art."²²

George Whicher whose biography of Emily Dickinson was accepted as the standard interpretation before Johnson's work based on newly discovered materials replaced it, interprets Emily in a closely similar way.²³ He accepts Puritan influences as always under-

lying her thought and sees her seclusion as a doorway from a smaller world into a larger world than any Puritan village or all New England could possibly offer. Since Johnson himself used Whicher as a major source, it is appropriate to see how recent critics have responded, directly or indirectly, to Johnson's own interpretation.

In a recent article Horace Gregory writes that because Emily's letters are in the style of schoolgirl crushes, it has been suggested that there was in her an incipient lesbianism or some other psychological abnormality.²⁴ He thinks, however, that Emily did not wish to grow up and did not, in fact, know how to grow up. He explains her withdrawal from people as a manifestation of child-like shyness and as childlike also, her dislike of responsibility and of strange places. Theologically, he writes, she believed that childlikeness was close to Godlikeness. This conviction kept her visions of death, nature, immortality and God clearly and directly perceived. He finds her neither as a metaphysical nor rebel nor modern poet.

In his article in the *Reporter*,²⁵ Miller refers to Emily as a "Puritan imp." She grasped voraciously at her friends, trying particularly to envelope her sisten-in-law, Susan Gilbert, was overcrowded by her father, fought against being converted without knowing why, and was confronted with death as an ever present fact meditated upon between funerals with a half-rebellious skepticism. The article concludes:

"Confront a being compacted of passion with her amatory propensities terribly aggravated by a life long dedication to a calculated shunning of joy. But even this is too simple: she combined this stratagem with a miser's gloating over the few delicate particles of ecstasy which she could contrive to admit through the planks of abstemiousness with which she slyly surrounded herself. And out of this came the poetry."²⁶

Dilys Laing²⁷ says in direct contrast to Horace Gregory that Emily Dickinson simply gave her father filial deference and he in return honored his daughter's need for renunciation of the non-essential.

"The corporeal and therefore mortal was often too much for her. The immortal distillation in words of wit and affection was what she needed as fuel for her genius, even before that genius discovered poetry to be its means of life. This perhaps partly explains her later passion for the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, a married man. The very necessity for

renunciation—a piercing virtue—made him a suitable candidate.”²⁸

Richard Sewall²⁹ tends to agree with Laing, writing that one must be a poet all of the time and that as deaths came close to Emily, words also came. Struggled for, for they had to be exactly right, her words became vital, expressing and appeasing not only her own griefs but also the griefs of others.

Theodore Hoepfner makes three points about Emily's poem, "Because I Could not Stop for Death" in an article of that title.³⁰ These points are: (a) that Emily had been taught Christian theology; (b) that the poem's irony is in the contrast between our fear of death and the kindness of his mission in a world of woe; (c) that the poem has no death-wish implications.

Richard Chase,³¹ also an eminent Dickinson scholar, presses for the psychological normality of Emily by pointing to the just-discovered letters to Judge Lord as uniquely erotic among the correspondence. He uses the letters as evidence of a normal love affair, and a normal love affair as indicative of a normal life.

As has already been noted, R. P. Blackmur comes the closest of any of the critics to an existential position.³² He maintains that she retained a primitive emotion and was tortured by the outer and frightening world of contingency. He writes that her vocation was to spend life finding a role apart from life even though she would remain tied inevitably to life by the pangs of experiences she could neither abide nor let go. Thus, while she could not master life, she would not be totally mastered by it. But then Blackmur supports the Johnson-Whicher Puritan stance, for he writes that there was incorporated within her, Protestantism without its business interests, characteristic Protestant misery, and typical Puritan resignation, loneliness and excruciation. She represents, he asserts, the *terribilia* of the inner escape.

While the reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement*³³ admits that Emily idealized Wadsworth, he indicates that in every other way she seems to have been totally normal. A gay fun-loving creature, she could never accept consciously the Calvinistic insistence on sin and retired within her home knowing that she was a great poet and feeling a need to organize her time for work with maximum economy.

Jay Leyda³⁴ agrees that Emily knew that she was a poet and planned her life accordingly. He stresses that Judge Lord is placed incorrectly as subordinate to Wadsworth as her real lover. Especially he criticizes Thornton Wilder (see below) for making a thesis of

archness of personality and poetry, feeling that Wilder availed himself only of incomplete or slanted sources.

In a review of Johnson's collection of the poems, Louise Bogan³⁵ points out that in Johnson's chronological ordering of the poems, a normal pattern of poetic development is seen. And in an article by Henry Wells a Puritan influence upon Emily's poetry again is suggested.³⁶ Wells writes that there is a relationship between the frugality of the New England housekeeper Emily and the terseness of the poet Emily.

Thornton Wilder³⁷ expounds Emily as initially if not finally a warped woman. He finds in her as an adult, the same archness which a female child will utilize to attract her father's attention. His thesis is that Emily's patriarchal father did not respond sufficiently to his daughter's need for his approval and affection and that by not playing his role properly, his daughter's affective life was permanently troubled. Wilder finds in Emily's letters a dangerous self-indulgence of emotion, and in her further indulgence in a fantasy that her yet-living loved ones were dead, not an expression typical of the times, but a latent cruelty suggesting a deep wound in herself and envy toward others. He suggests that childhood fixation prevented her from leaving her early stanzaic forms and that her poems were left in unfinished form to indicate that she was indifferent to the success she yearned so much. He finds her having no stable God concept and finds her cherishing increasingly the idea that people are more estimable after death. Yet despite her supposed psychological problems and her determination to remain all her life in the village in which she was born, Wilder is able to call her America's least parochial writer. If she did not find this world satisfactory or stable there was still another world that she called alternately, Immensity, Eternity, the Absolute. If she wrote for earth she missed the tone of this other world, and vice versa. She preferred to write for Immensity because of Immensity's propensity for non-sense. Immensity would not quibble about irregular rhyme or inexact verse endings. Immensity was able to smile at what insulted intelligent men. Wilder concludes his essay:

"The problem of the American loneliness . . . is the problem of 'belonging' . . . (Thoreau) was a lonely man because the elements to which he tried to belong were near and few; Emily Dickinson, in all appearance the loneliest of beings, solved the problem in a way which is of importance to every American; by loving the particular while living in the universal."³⁸

Such is the diversity of opinion about Emily. Probably even for a psychoanalyst with a bent for literature it would be difficult to diagnose finally whether or not Emily was severely neurotic. If she was severely neurotic under no circumstances would she be related to existential thinkers. But looking at her from the standpoint of the average human impression one finds a sensitive, highly imaginative woman living rather peculiarly in some ways, but finding everyday existence adventurous, having mutual friendships and producing fine philosophical poetry. She was not, in contrast to one excessively abnormal, a drag on society, but a positive contributor to society. While she cannot possibly be classified formally as an existential thinker (see above) it is quite likely that the pattern which she followed in her cultural situation was similar to the one followed by today's existential philosophers in theirs. She took a bounding leap into a more meaningful existence than her society could offer, losing in doing so, the security of orthodox faith and of orthodox manners. By taking that great risk she gained a larger world than she left, i.e. circumference, but in taking the leap she could not predict that she would gain anything more than estrangement, solitude, instability, contingency and death.

Because Emily's poetry is written in the language of Immensity about her great leap instead of in the language of Amherst about Amherst, it can provide for present-day existentialists penetrating illustration of their characteristic philosophical themes. It is a pleasant exercise to find in Emily's poetry illustrations, for example, of Mounier's existential characteristics. Such illustrations follow:

Contingency:

"That after horror that was Us—
That passed the mouldering pier
Just as the granite crumb let go,
Our saviour by a hair—
A second more had dropped too deep
For fisherman to plumb—
The very profile of the thought
Puts recollection numb!
The possibility to pass
Without a moment's bell,
Into Conjecture's presence—
Is like a face of steel
That suddenly looks into ours
With a metallic grin,—
The cordiality of Death
Who drills his welcome in."²⁰

*The Impotence of
Reason:*

"Wonder—is not precisely Knowing
And not precisely Knowing not—
A beautiful but bleak condition
He has not lived who has not felt—

Suspense—is his maturer Sister—
Whether Adult Delight is Pain
Or of itself a new misgiving—
This is the Gnat that mangles men—"¹⁴⁰

*The Bounding Leap
of the Human Being:*

"No Rack can torture me,
My soul's at liberty,
Behind this mortal bone
There knits a bolder one

You cannot prick with saw,
Nor rend with scimitar.
Two bodies therefore be;
Bind one and one will flee.

The eagle of his nest
No easier divest
And gain the sky,
Than mayest thou,

Except thyself may be
Thine enemy;
Captivity is consciousness,
So's liberty."¹⁴¹

*Instability of the
Human Being:*

"A narrow Fellow in the Grass
Occasionally rides—
You may have met Him—did you not
His notice sudden is—

The grass divides as with a Comb—
A spotted shaft is seen—
And then it closes at your feet
And opens further on— . . .

. . . But never met this Fellow
Attended or alone
Without a tighter breathing
And Zero at the bone—"¹⁴²

Estrangement:

"One need not be a Chamber—to be Haunted—
One need not be a House—
The Brain has Corridors—surpassing
Material Place—

Far safer, of a Midnight Meeting
External Ghost
Than its interior Confronting—
That Cooler Host.

Far safer, through an Abbey gallop,
The Stones a'chase—
Than Unarmed, ones a'self encounter—
In lonesome Place—

Ourself behind ourself, concealed—
Should startle most—
Assassin hid in our Apartment
Be Horror's least.

The Body—borrows a Revolver—
He bolts the Door—
O'erlooking a superior spectre—
Or More—¹⁴³

*Conclusive
Finality and
the Immanence
of Death:*

"The first Day's Night had come—
And grateful that a thing
So terrible had been endured,
I told my Soul to sing.

She said her strings were snap,
Her bow to atoms blown;
And so, to mend her, gave me work
Until another morn.

And then a Day as huge
As Yesterday in pairs
Unrolled its horror on my face—
Until it blocked my eyes."⁴⁴

"I asked no other thing—
No other—was denied—
I offered Being—for it—
The Mighty Merchant sneered—

Brazil? He twirled a Button—
Without a glance my way—
But—Madam—is there nothing else—
That We can show—Today?"⁴⁵

*Solitude and the
Secret State:*

"The soul selects her own society
Then shuts the door;
On her divine majority
Obtrude no more.

Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing
At her low gate;
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling
Upon her mat.

I've known her from an ample nation
Choose one;
Then close the valves of her attention
Like stone."⁴⁶

Nothingness:

"The Battle Fought between the Soul
And No Man—is the One
Of all the Battles prevalent—
By far the Greater One—

No News of it is had abroad—
It's Bodiless Campaign
Establishes and terminates—
Invisible—Unknown—

Nor History—record it—
As Legions of a Night
The Sunrise scatters—These endure—
Entact—and terminate—"⁴⁷

I have not analyzed each of these poems in relation to the characteristics they exemplify because I see them basically as illustrations. An illustration should spin together disconnected analytical threads. If an illustration requires analysis it is not a good illustration. Also, analysis would confuse an important point that cannot be stressed enough, viz., that one cannot think of Emily as an existential thinker. To call her a "Puritan imp" is slightly more accurate.

Yet, recalling Heidegger's essay, "Holderlin and the Essence of Poetry,"⁴⁸ one can say that Emily does provide existential thinkers of today with fresh and even startling language in which to express themselves. And, as Heidegger promises poets and warns them, she had to expose herself to divine lightnings in order to receive that language. And as Heidegger further promises and warns, she could only carry on her work by being cast out of every day life and by being protected against it by the apparent harmlessness of her occupation. As a result of her encounters with circumference, the world has poems which, in the words of Heidegger in his "Remembrance of the Poet," "... (stand) in (their) own light (and thus) will (them) selves throw light directly on the other poems. And so when we next read the poems, we feel that we had always understood them in this way. And it is well for us to feel this."⁴⁹

It is well also for the existential thinker of today to give particular thanks that Emily's poems offer to Existentialists the particularly incisive and clarifying language that they do. For if Emily Dickinson, a poet tried somewhat to be a philosopher, in some ways too, existential philosophies try to be poetries. In the tension of this polarity there is a certain real meeting place for Emily and the Existentialists, although historically Emily cannot be called even a Proto-Existentialist, even as she cannot be defined either, as clearly Puritan or clearly neurotic.

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In Memoriam

WILLIAM ARNOT MATHER, 1874-1957

Miss Elizabeth de W. Root is Archivist of the Case Memorial Library.

It is fitting that a proper memorial should be written on one of the oldest graduates of the Hartford Theological Seminary.

William Arnot Mather was born in New York City April 16, 1874, the son of Charles Milton and Frances Mary (Mills) Mather. He prepared for College at the Chapin Collegiate Institute in New York and became an outstanding student at Princeton University. He received the Alexander Guthrie McCosh prize in his senior year, was Phi Beta Kappa, and graduated *Magna Cum Laude* in 1896. He received his theological training at The Hartford Theological Seminary, graduating in 1899, and receiving the William Thompson Fellowship for Post Graduate Work, spending the years 1899-1901 at the University of Edinburgh and the University at Halle.

In 1900 he spent a month at Herr Tilly's Language School at Marburg with Lewis Hodous and John Trout, holders of the John S. Welles Fellowship. Here they brushed up on German. This helped them to take lectures in German at the University. After a month of this extensive study Mather and Hodous took a bicycle trip through the Black Forest and Switzerland, taking a German Doctor of Philology along with them, to help them with their German. After traveling to the Black Forest, Zurich, Lucerne, "we reached the foot of the pilatus and began the ascent at 3 P.M. . . . The next day we climbed Grosser Scheidegg. Then with another guide we climbed the Eiger, taking the last thousand feet by steps cut in the ice but the view was one of the most superb that I had ever seen. The hills of the Black Forest looked like islands in a vast cloud sea . . . Climbed another mountain opposite Mont Blanc, also the Eggishorn and the Grimsel Pass . . ." Mather continued on to Edinburg and Hodous to Halle.

"My five months' stay in Edinburgh was an exceedingly pleasant one. At the University I took a course called the "Honours Philosophy Course" consisting of lectures by Prof. Andrew Seth Pringle-Pattison on logic and on the history of philosophy from Descartes to Hegel, with emphasis on Spinoza and Kant. I took Prof. Davidson's course in Old Testament introduction. All these professors were exceedingly kind to me and I consider it a great privilege to have gained such

an insight into Scottish life. I must confess that the curricula in the University and New College are not adapted to Graduate Study . . .” (Letter to Dr. C. D. Hartranft April 15, 1901).

“In the spring of 1901 Lewis Hodous and I entered the University of Halle, securing room and board in the apartment of a shoemaker. The first bicycle trip we took through the town we were arrested by the police because we did not have a “legal brake.” A great deal of time was taken entering our names in various ponderous tomes, so we were both jail birds.” (Letter to Lydia Capen, Feb. 26, 1950).

After his return from Graduate Study he became Acting Librarian of the Hartford Theological Seminary Library, 1801-1902, and gave courses in Latin and Greek Paleography.

In his class at Hartford Seminary were Alice Holmes and Grace Burroughs, both graduates of Mount Holyoke; Edward Sanderson, brother of Lydia Sanderson Capen who had also come from Mount Holyoke and graduated from the Seminary the preceding year. These became good friends and at a house-party in Cocksackie-on-Hudson attended by Lydia Sanderson, Alice Holmes, Grace Burroughs, Edward Sanderson, Edward Capen, William Mather, and Frank Burroughs, June 13-24, 1902, William Mather and Grace Burroughs announced their engagement.

Having been ordained by the Presbyterian Church in New York City in May 1902 he was sent by the Presbyterian Board to Paotingfu, China, before he could be married. This started his long career as an evangelistic, teaching missionary.

In 1904 he returned to the United States and married Grace Burroughs on August 30, 1904. They sailed for the mission field soon afterwards, arriving there in November. Thirty-five years were spent in missionary work in China—many times going out into the country for evangelistic work. Two sons were born to them: William Brewster, on November 28, 1910, at a time when the pneumonic plague was raging near Paotingfu and the compound was isolated until he was strong enough to travel to America. Richard Burroughs was born November 11, 1913. Both boys became graduates of Princeton University. William Brewster later studied at the Peking Union Medical College. A grandson was born who also later became a graduate of Princeton.

In 1929 while on furlough, Colorado College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

An interesting letter was written to Dr. Duncan Black MacDonald, in 1930, in regard to missionary teaching: “Two rather insistent calls

from Theological Seminaries have come to me but I have turned them down because I saw no one who could take over my country field which is the size of Connecticut, and second, because I have long been doubtful whether the regular theological seminary gives the training which the coming leaders of the indigenous church need. I think far too much theory and far too little practical training is given in America and the conditions in China require a completely new orientation of religious training. I have lamented the fact that I have had so little time for intensive study but the joy of preaching where Christ is not known, of seeing hungry and thirsty souls satisfied, of watching little centers of light spreading until other centers are kindled and the much longed for indigenous church really begins to emerge, is compensation enough for almost any loss . . ."

Grace Burroughs Mather died in China in February 19, 1939 and was buried in the Martyrs' Memorial Cemetery at Paoting, China. Her husband carried on the work until the War drove him from China.

A great mountain climber he writes of his climb of the 11,000 foot mountain Wi Fai Shan three times, once before Lewis Hodous went with him, and once since then. While he was waiting to preach the baccalaureate sermon at Colorado College he walked up the motor road to Pikes Peak, 14,109 feet above sea level, spending the night there and getting the magnificent sunset view of two or three hundred miles of the Continental Divide, covered on the summits with spotless snow. That same summer, with his dearest classmate, he scrambled up the summit of Long Peak, 14,255 feet, Later he wanted to climb Mount Ranier but had to be content with Pinnacle Peak, 6,500 feet high or he would have missed his China steamer.

After an almost fatal illness in Peking in 1940-1941 he was sent to the Philippines to recuperate, which he did so rapidly that he climbed Mt. Santo Tomas 11 times, making a total of 33,000 feet. When he arrived at Berkeley, California, several years later, with sight seriously impaired, he climbed Grizzly Peak 22 times, making another total of 33,000 feet. At this time he was about 70 years old.

While in the Philippines in 1941, Dr. Mather, his son Dr. William Brewster Mather, his daughter-in-law Edith Reed Mather and their three children were apprehended by the Japanese and interned for three years. First they were in Bibibid and in August 1943 were sent to Camp Holmes, five miles from Baguio. After repatriation he retired and made his home with his son in Princeton. William

Brewster Mather's daughter was the first American baby born under Japanese captivity in the Philippines.

During the later years of his life he was working on a phonetic dictionary for illiterate Chinese. In 1951 he wrote: "For four years I have been laboriously printing from rubber type symbol by symbol a phonetic dictionary for illiterate Chinese. My Chinese writer who was born within 17 miles of my China home, writes in the corresponding Chinese characters. This job is finished as far as I am concerned, tho my writer still has to insert the Chinese in the last 60 pages."

His final letter to Lydia Capen (November 3, 1954) states: "Please don't worry at all about my health. My operation took place just about the time of my 55th reunion. But by July I got to walking 3 or 4 miles a day in Princeton. Then in August I went to Mountain Rest and climbed over those beautiful Berkshire Hills from six to 12 miles a day. Since coming back to Princeton I have taken to my wheel again, riding through the countryside 8 miles or more every day. [Age 80] On World-wide Communion Sunday I attended in Union Seminary a reunion of former attendants of the Peking Union Church and saw more Chinese missionaries (many of them dear friends) than I ever saw before in this country. The Union Church is now used by students in the Peking Middle Schools and colleges, and is usually thronged by them for worship, Bible study, and prayer . . ."

He died at his son's home in Princeton, November 5, 1957 at the age of 83, leaving his son, Dr. William Brewster Mather, on the medical staff of Princeton University, another son, Richard Burroughs Mather, Professor of Chinese Language and Literature at University of Minnesota, and 4 grand-children.

In Memoriam

ROSEMARY (VINCENT) SHAW

Rosemary (Vincent) Shaw, widow of the late Plato E. Shaw, former Professor of Early Church History at the Hartford Seminary Foundation, died on August 11, 1958 at St. Luke's Hospital, New York City. She was the daughter of Ralph and Marguerite (Krecker) Vincent. Her grandparents were missionaries in Japan and Marguerite Krecker spent her childhood years there. Mr. Vincent was a newspaper man. Rosemary Shaw received her B.A. from Mount Holyoke in 1922 and her B.S. in Library Science from Columbia University in 1932. On August 16, 1930 she married Prof. Plato E. Shaw. She was appointed Library Assistant at the Seward Park High School in Lower Manhattan on September 14, 1927 and continued there until September 11, 1953 when she was appointed as Librarian-in-charge at the Haaren High School, Manhattan. She also taught Library Science in the New York City public schools for 30 years.

She was a real friend to all. Her depth of thought, her warmth of being and her gay sense of aliveness radiated through the spirit of her faith. Her concern for human relationships was manifest in many ways. She was a member of one of the earliest courses given in that field in Harlem. Her home, both in Hartford and New York, remained a center for all who knew her husband as a teacher, minister and friend, and former students of the Foundation, especially those from foreign lands, spent delightful days there while in New York. Through correspondence she kept aware of their interests. She had many sources of pleasure: Historical places, the English universities and those in Edinburgh and Heidelberg, Columbia University, Union Theological Seminary and Hartford; wedgewood and heather. She read widely and gave witty and stimulating book talks. She had a large collection of children's books which she was willing to share with all her friends. Associated with Riverside Church she was active in all its work, particularly the Business and Professional Women's Club, and some of her hope for humanity lay in her deep interest in the work of the United Nations.

She leaves two brothers, Reginald P. Vincent of Summit, New Jersey, and Dr. Nicholas F. Vincent of Glen Ridge, New Jersey, and a sister Mrs. Vivian Shepard of Baltimore, Maryland.

Funeral service was held in Riverside Church.

Elizabeth de W. Root